

DIXON EVENING TELEGRAPH.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF DIXON BY ACT OF CITY COUNCIL.

TELEGRAPH—SIXTY-EIGHTH YEAR

DIXON, ILLINOIS, TUESDAY, AUGUST 20, 1918

DAILY TELEGRAPH—THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR

—191

HURL GERMANS BACK 2MILES-MUST EVACUATE

CITY TAX ORDINANCE PROVIDING FOR LEVY OF \$50,000 PASSED

Measure Was Adopted By Commissioners At Meeting This Morning

THE GARBAGE QUESTION

Commissioner Whitcombe Is Dissatisfied With the Manner of Work

Passage of the annual tax levy ordinance and allowance of semi-monthly bills were the two important matters covered by the city commissioners in regular session this forenoon. The tax levy ordinance carries the sum of \$50,000 and is itemized as follows:

Hydrant rental	\$ 6,700.00
Street Lighting	8,500.00
Heating and Lighting City Building	2,380.00
Police Department	5,410.00
Salaries of City Officials	3,129.00
Election purposes	600.00
City's share of special assessment	3,385.00
Total	\$50,000.00

The semi-monthly bills amounted to the sum of \$965.33.

The next regular meeting will be held on Wednesday, August 28th, on account of the Illinois Centennial Day at Amboy, held on the 27th, at which affair the city officials will participate.

Commissioner Whitcombe expressed himself as being displeased with the unsatisfactory manner in which the city's garbage matters are being handled. He declares that he will take the matter up with the contractors, Clark and Rhodes of Champaign. The contracts call for garbage being gathered twice a week, but it is not being gathered on an average of once a week.

On motion of Commissioner Dysart the council adjourned.

SAYS YANKEES SAVED OFFENSIVE FOR THE FRENCH AND BRITISH

German Military Critics Now See America As Important Factor in War

PUBLISHED ARTICLES

By Associated Press Leased Wire
Amsterdam, Aug. 20.—Professional soldiers like General Von Blume and General Von Lieber, unlike so many other German war critics, are not seeking to belittle the appearance of an American army on the west front.

General Von Blume, who is retired, in an article in an Essen newspaper, frankly admits that "we will have to recognize that America has done very smart work and that it will be a very smart thing if the American army command has to face an American army of millions."

Credit Due Americans.

General Von Lieber, former German commandant at Lodz, and now military critic for a Berlin newspaper, tells the public that the American army is already a big factor and that "the French and British owe their recent successes to their trans-Atlantic allies, without whom their offensive was doomed to disappointment."

TO CAMP WHEELER.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cool have received word of the transfer of their son, Lee Cool, from the Sweeney Automobile school at Kansas City, Mo., to Camp Wheeler, at Macon, Ga.

UNDERWENT OPERATION.

Mrs. E. H. English returned home yesterday from the Dixon hospital, where on Saturday she submitted to an operation upon the tonsils. The operation was very successful.

TO ATTEND CONVENTION.

Dr. and Mrs. C. C. Kost will go to Madison, Wis., this evening to attend the annual meeting of the Tri-State Medical Association. Surgeon General Gorgas of the U. S. A. is one of the speakers.

\$2.92 PRICE OF SEPTEMBER MILK

The Borden Milk Company announces as the September price on milk \$2.92 per hundred pounds for milk testing 3.5 per cent butter fat, with an increase or decrease of 4c per point for milk testing above or below that percentage.

THOMPSON MEETING WAS NOT MUCH OF A SUCCESS IN DIXON

Congressman Mason Did Not Show Up and Pictures Went Astray

SUBSTITUTES SPOKE

Moving Pictures of Mayor Did Not Arrive Until Ten O'clock

The political meeting arranged for Congressman Wm. E. Mason and Mayor William Hale Thompson, both of Chicago, in Dixon last evening, was a distinct frost all around. Congressman "Billy" Mason failed to appear, sending word that he had an attack of the gout. The moving pictures of Mayor Thompson, together with the flags and scenery for the show, also went astray. There seemed to be no widespread disappointment, however, for the crowd which had gathered was not large.

Last night's political meeting was advertised as a Mason and Thompson meeting. Thompson was not to appear, but his friends were to show moving pictures of the mayor delivering his speech announcing his candidacy for United States senator to succeed Senator J. Ham Lewis. His friends did show the pictures. It was 10 o'clock, however, before the pictures were shown, because all the apparatus did not arrive until a late train.

Landlord M. E. Rice of the Nauvoo Tavern, willingly consented to the speakers using the hotel veranda in delivering their speeches. "I always permit my guests to do anything reasonable, and while I reserve the right to vote as I please, I am willing to give the hotel veranda up to the candidate of any party or any faction within any party," declared Landlord Rice.

It was nearly 9 o'clock when John A. Cook, a Thompson worker and the advance man for the meeting, stepped out and announced that Congressman Mason was unable to appear. There was disappointment on many faces, for they had come out to see and hear "Billy," who is without question the cleverest story teller in Illinois politics today.

Mr. Cook is a young man, but he is a splendid talker. He has had some political experience, or else he has had his "piece" well committed to memory. He defended the mayor of Chicago in a manner that would do credit to a man much older in the political game.

Mr. Cook reviewed the administration of Thompson, laying particular stress on the way he financed the

(Continued on Page 2)

PARENTS ARE TAKING INTEREST IN MEETING

LECTURES AT TEACHER'S INSTITUTE ARE DRAWING CROWDS FROM THE OUTSIDE.

Many parents are manifesting a deep interest in the sessions of the teachers' institute now being held at the Dixon high school building. Each day finds many parents and prospective teachers present during the sessions.

Thursday evening the public is invited to a literary recital to be given by Prof. Lyon, who is at the head of the school of expression of the DeKalb normal school. His subject will be "Androcles and the Lion."

Today's feature was the lecture on "Imperial Germany" by Prof. McCormack, of the LaSalle-Peru township high school.

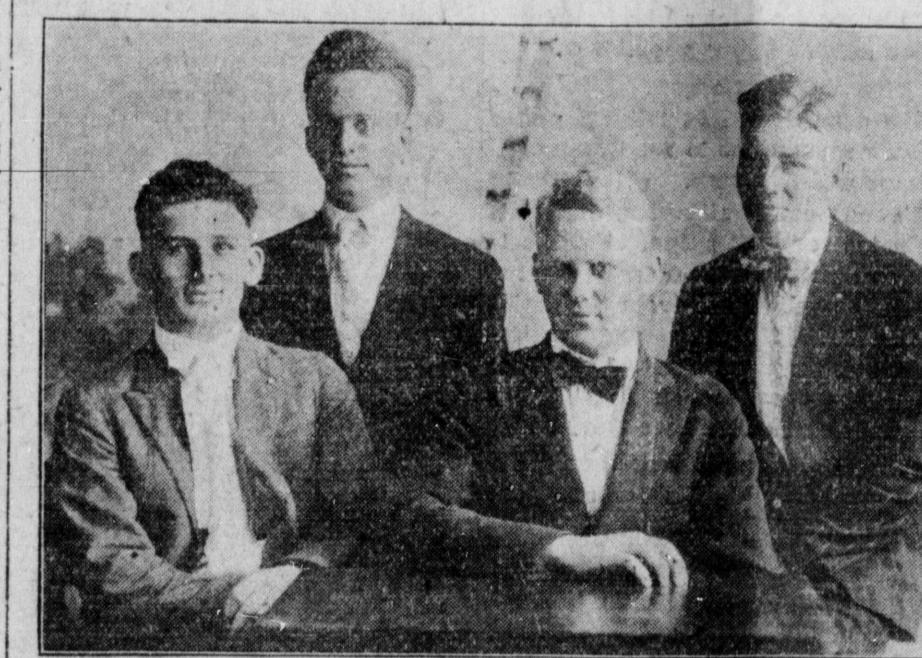
County Superintendent Miller declares that the institute is going along very smoothly and the corps of instructors are doing more and better work than was anticipated.

The register today shows 252 names. There are teachers present from Whiteside, Ogle, Bureau and from several downstate counties.

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FOUR MORE LEE COUNTY BOYS TO GET SPECIAL TRAINING



The above four young men went to Harrison Technical School, Chicago, Friday to receive special training for army service. They are Stephen Virgil and Frank Branigan of Amboy, Irving D. Bunker of Franklin Grove and Stanwood Griffith of Ashton. (Photo by Hintz)

ELKS WILL PICNIC AT CLUB MONDAY, SEPT. 2

Annual Affair For Members And Families Will Be Held Labor Day

DANCE IN EVENING

The House Committee of the Elks Club held meeting last evening and began arrangements for the annual Labor Day picnic, which will be held this year at the Club house, the lawn being turned over to the children. In the evening the young people of the club will enjoy dancing.

The following committee of ladies were named to make arrangements for a scramble supper at the club.

Mrs. Frank Stephan.
Mrs. Harry Stephan.
Mrs. Willard Thompson.

Mrs. Frank Rosbrook.
Mrs. Elmer Reynolds.
Mrs. John Shoemaker.

Mrs. Henry Kenneth.
Mrs. Charles Leake.
Mrs. Clarence Slackpole.

Mrs. Webster Poole.
Mrs. John Herbst.

Mrs. Ed Dysart.
Mrs. E. J. Decker.

Mrs. Leo Pine.
Mrs. Schermer.

Mrs. Charles Miller.
Mrs. I. B. Hoefer.

Mrs. John Crabtree.
Mrs. George W. Smith.

Mrs. Ward Miller.
Mrs. Louis Pitcher.

Mrs. Dr. Baird.

The ladies will meet Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

FILM EXPLODED, NEAR PANIC WAS THE RESULT

PATRONS OF GRAND THEATER, STERLING, GIVEN SCARE MONDAY EVENING

Sterling, Aug. 20.—Special to The TELEGRAPH—Patrons of the Grand theater, a moving picture house, on Locust street, were thrown into a near-panic Monday evening when a film exploded. Instantly the playhouse was filled with smoke and there was a mad rush for the exits. Fortunately cooler heads prevailed and all the patrons were gotten out without anyone being injured. The fire was confined to the fire-proof machine booth.

NIECE OF DIXON FOLKS IS CALLED

Mrs. Fred Moses has received the sad news of the sudden death of her niece, Helen M. Ankeny, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Ankeny, of Aurora, former residents of Dixon. Helen was a winsome child and will be greatly missed by her many friends and schoolmates in both Dixon and Aurora. She was but eleven years old. Death resulted from an abscess in the head. Mrs. A. M. Seavey, another aunt of the child, and nephew, Walter Moses, have gone to Aurora to attend the funeral.

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REGISTER

All male persons who have reached their 21st birthday since June 5, 1918, or who attain their 21st birthday on or before Aug. 24, 1918, must register on Aug. 24, 1918. There will be but one registration place in Lee county, and that will be the office of the Local Board at the Court House in Dixon. This office will be open for registration purposes from seven o'clock a. m., until nine o'clock p. m., of Saturday, Aug. 24.

NEW BLOW LAUNCHED

THIS MORNING WILL FORCE HUN RETREAT

Vital Line Between Aisne and Oise Throw Back 2 Miles On Ten Mile Front This Morning—500 Prisoners Were Captured Before 9 O'clock
—Allies On Three Sides of Roye and the Grip of the Huns Is Weakening

EXPECT GERMANS TO RETIRE FROM SOISSONS

By Associated Press Leased Wire

German forces holding the vital sector of the battle front between the Aisne and the Oise rivers were hurled back over a ten mile front this morning by the French tenth army, according to reports received in London.

The statement says that the French troops have penetrated the enemy positions to a depth of two miles. Before 9 o'clock they had taken 500 prisoners.

Expect Retirement From Soissons.

This morning's advance is apparently a continuation of the assault made northwest of Soissons on Sunday. It endangers the whole German position at Soissons and along the Aisne. This added French success will probably be followed by a German retirement from Soissons to the Chemine Des Dames.

Is An Important Victory.

No details of the fighting are yet available, but an advance of two miles in this sector would seem to place the German positions both along the Aisne and before Noyon in a serious position, from which only immediate retreat is apparently possible.

Unofficial dispatches also state that significant local successes have been achieved by the French from the Oise north to well past Roye. The line, as it is straightened, includes the outskirts of the important town of Lassigny, for which the French have been fighting for more than a week.

Grip On Roye Weakens.

The German hold on Roye also seems to have been weakened by the recent progress of the French north and south of the town. It would appear that Roye is now virtually enveloped on three sides. The British have occupied the railroad stations there.

Improve Positions On the Vesle.

There is only slight activity along the Vesle, the French and Americans having enlarged their holdings on the north bank of the river by slight advances at several points.

More Americans In Siberia.

Allied forces at Vladivostok have been reinforced by the arrival of the second American transport and a third transport is expected. North of Vladivostok Czecho-Slovak troops have been engaged in heavy fighting.

Many American Heroes Cited

By Associated Press Leased Wire

With the American Army on the Vesle Front, Aug. 20.—Sixty Prussians were taken prisoners by the Americans near Fismette, north of Fismes, without either side firing a shot. The Prussians were machine gunners, all that remained of a whole company that had been in the line less than a month. An American detachment went out a few nights ago, to a location which had been given them by a prisoner. The prisoner said that the Prussians were there, waiting to be taken prisoners. An officer who questioned them asserted that nearly all of them had agreed to surrender as soon as they had the opportunity. The Americans who made the capture say that they deserve no credit, for the German virtually deserted their posts.

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A German prisoner taken Sunday told an intelligence officer that he believed that if the battle line were pressed back onto German soil, the fighting spirit of the German soldiers would be stimulated.

The British Repulse Attacks

By Associated Press Leased Wire

London, Aug. 20.—Four German attacks against the British positions in the neighborhood of Chilly, six miles north of Roye, were repulsed during last night.

The British line has been advanced to Vieux Berquin and Outtersteene, in the Lys salient, and 182 Germans were captured.

THE WEATHER

TUESDAY, AUGUST 20.

By Associated Press Leased Wire
Illinois—Partly cloudy tonight. Wednesday unsettled with possible showers in the west; not much change in temperature.

DIVORCE SUIT FROM SUBLLETTE

Mrs. Lena Smith has started a suit for a divorce from her husband, Morris Smith, charging excessive use of intoxicating liquors. The Smiths reside at Sublette. They have a badly damaged bow and a two children. They were married quantity of water in her hold. The at Milwaukee June 25, 1911.

SOCIETY

COMING EVENTS

Tuesday. L. O. O. M. meeting, Moose hall. Auxiliary, U. S. W. V. G. A. R. Hall.

Wednesday. C. N. D. Open Night, C. N. D. rooms, Galena avenue.

Lincoln Red Cross Unit, Mrs. W. D. Carson.

Riverside Red Cross Unit, Riverside schoolhouse.

North Galena Avenue Red Cross, Mrs. Sarah Stanbrough, 311 Summit venue.

St. James Red Cross unit, Mrs. John Hagerman.

Loveland Red Cross, Mrs. Fred Hobbs.

Thursday. Laf-a-lot Club, C. N. D. rooms.

Friday. Worth While Girls, Miss Emma Braig.

W. C. O. F. meeting, K. C. hall.

Week-End In Rockford. The Misses Marguerite Hersam and Alice McCoy spent the past week-end with friends in Rockford.

Having Vacation. Mrs. Freeland is having a two-weeks' vacation from the O. H. Mar- m store and will spend part of it in Chicago.

At Dinner. Miss Allie Patrick was a dinner guest of Mrs. Wm. Carlsen on Sunday.

Sunday in Sterling. Misses Grace and Bertha Uhl were guests Sunday of Mrs. Herman Uhl, of Sterling.

Guest from Moline. Mr. McElroy of Moline, is a guest of the O'Malley home.

Busy Week In City. C. D. Anderson, his two sons, Doran and Charles, John Roe and John D. Clinton Ives returned Sunday evening from several days spent in Chicago. Mr. Anderson said it was a strenuous week as the boys were initiated into the mysteries of the Ward of Trade, spent one day at Great Lakes, visited Riverview park, Moline City, the Municipal Pier, innumerable theaters and went swimming at the Municipal beach. There were no casualties, however, and that Mr. Anderson is satisfied.

For Guest. Miss Charlotte Campbell entertained this evening with a boat ride, picnic supper and dancing party at well park in honor of her guest, Miss Helen Vugschwerdt, of Champaign.

At Island Cottage. Miss Garguerie Watts entertained today at the Warner cottage on Myers Island a group of Dixon girls and the two Misses Llewellyn, oferson.

Theatre Party. Miss Marion Ahrens will entertain this evening Anna Marie Worthington, Miss Ruth Rosenthal and the latter's guest, Miss Wilhelmina Eak of Pennsylvania at theatre party.

After the performance, refreshments will be served at Miss Ahren's me.

The price of the Evening Telegraph by mail is \$4.00 a year in Lee and adjoining counties; outside of these counties the price is \$5.00 a year, as was announced in the Telegraph of July 15th.

BAD BOYS

The kind you meet in school, usually are the victims of defective eyes. With proper glasses department improves.

r. W. F. Aydelotte

Neurologist and Health Instructor

3 Crawford Ave., Dixon, Illinois.

Phone 169 for Appointments

NOTICE

Although everything connected with my business has advanced, my prices remain the same:

Plain shampoo, 50c; with hot oil or witch hazel, 75c.

Curling and dressing 10c to 25c extra.

Hair dressing, 25c to 50c.

Manicuring, 50c.

Facial massage, \$1.00 per hour.

Facial massage, per half hour, 50c.

Switches made from combings, per ounce, 50c.

FLORENCE E. DUSTMAN

Beauty Shop

To Be With Daughter. Mrs. Catherine Comeror has gone to Aurora to spend a few weeks with her daughter, Mrs. C. E. Ankeny, whose home was recently saddened by the death of a little daughter.

Illini Hall, Grand Detour.

The last of the series of summer dancing parties will be given at Illini Hall, Grand Detour, on Friday evening of this week. Excellent music will be provided for and Miss Marcella Kent will entertain with fancy dancing. As this will be the last dance of the season, the management will make the affair one long to be remembered and no efforts will be spared to have everyone in attendance have a most enjoyable evening.

W. C. O. F. Meeting.

A regular meeting of the Woman's Catholic Order of Foresters will be held Thursday evening at K. C. hall.

G. A. R. Circle.

A good meeting and well attended was that of the G. A. R. Circle, held last evening at G. A. R. hall. The new piano, which has been under consideration, was thoroughly tested last evening and the society voted to ratify its purchase by the committee. The piano is an excellent piano of the Haines make. It was also voted to give a benefit social for the comrades of the G. A. R. in the near future. On Sunday the Circle placed a flag on the new made grave of Comrade Guthrie.

Picnic Luncheon.

Mr. and Mrs. Rorer and Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Leydig, of Dixon, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Graehling, of Sterling, will drive to Steamboat Rock today and there enjoy a picnic luncheon.

Camping at Park.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Rorer of this city and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Graehling of Sterling, are enjoying a two weeks' outing. They are camping in the Dr. Seidel cottage at Assembly park.

Visits Mother.

Mrs. T. J. Kennedy of Brookfield, Mo., is visiting at the home of her mother, Mrs. Ella Bunnell of North Ottawa avenue. Mrs. Kennedy has lived here and has many friends who will be glad to see her.

Returned to Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Lauren returned to Chicago Monday morning after being house guests Sunday night of Mrs. F. G. Lindstrom, of North Dixon.

With Mrs. Woodworth.

Mrs. R. M. Aldworth of Chicago, arrived today to be the guest of her sister, Mrs. Dudley Woodworth.

Loveland Red Cross.

A meeting of the Loveland Red Cross unit will be held with Mrs. Fred Hobbs, 424 Barker avenue, on Wednesday afternoon.

Entertained Hoi Pollio.

Miss Nell Fuestman was hostess last evening to the members of the Hoi Pollio club, who spent a very pleasant evening at her home, occupied with knitting for the Red Cross and Council of National Defense. Final arrangements were made for the week's camping at Necedah lodge, which will begin with Saturday. Tempting refreshments completed the delightful evening. The next meeting will be held with Mrs. Fred Hobbs.

Evening In Sterling.

Mr. and Mrs. K. J. Reed motored to Sterling last evening and called on friends.

Engagement Announced.

Washington Times: Mr. and Mrs. Ernest LeSeure of Danville, Ill., announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Virginia Cannon LeSeure, to Capt. William Houghteling, U. S. M. C., now stationed in Washington. No date has been set for the wedding.

The announcement is of unusual interest in Washington, as Miss LeSeure, who is a granddaughter of Congressman Joseph G. Cannon, has spent several winters here with Mr. Cannon and his daughter, Miss Helen Cannon. She is a handsome, cultivated young woman, blessed with the keen wit for which both her grandfather and her aunt are famous, and has made a wide circle of friends here.

Captain Houghteling is the son of Mrs. James Lawrence Houghteling, of Chicago, and his brother, Capt. James Lawrence Houghteling, Jr., was recently married to Miss Laura Delano, daughter of Major and Mrs. Frederic A. Delano.

Entertaining Father.

Mrs. E. J. Ferguson is enjoying a visit from her father, Mr. Wason of Pontiac.

THE EVENING TELEGRAPH, DIXON, ILLINOIS

THE WIFE

By JANE PHELPS

RUTH TELLS BRIAN SHE HAS ACCEPTED A POSITION. HE OBJECTS.

CHAPTER XX.

Ruth's feet were winged as she returned home. Twenty dollars a week to commence, and the promise of more as soon as she proved her worth! No fears as to being able to satisfy an employer, entered her mind. She was no inexperienced girl, going in to study the principles of something of which she knew nothing, but she was to do the thing she loved—the thing she had studied, for years, just for the love of the study. Her fingers had itched to handle the beautiful stuffs; to be where they were, would be a delight—would be almost recompense enough, she thought, as she looked around her little home with a feeling very near to disgust.

What would Brian say? Would he be reasonable about it, or would he be disagreeable? Long before he came home she had determined to go, no matter how much he objected. But she hoped he would look at the thing she had done.

Her home had never seemed so mean, she never had felt so discontented as she did that afternoon while she waited for Brian to come home. She tried to have the things he liked for dinner. It put him out, when his meals were not fairly good.

She noticed at once that Brian was in unusual good humor. He ran up the stairs whistling.

"I collected that ten dollars today, Ruth. We'll go to the movies after dinner?" pleased as a child that he had ten dollars, and ready to spend it at once although he had declared they must have cheaper quarters.

Ruth waited until they were nearly through dinner. Then she said: "Let's stay home, Brian. I want to have a good talk with you."

"My, how serious! well fire ahead. I guess you can say all you want to and we can go to the movies, too."

"No—" then: "Brian, I have decided to take a position—in fact I have already taken one."

"What? What in the world are you talking about? A position?"

"Yes," her heart thumped so she was sure he must hear it, but she kept her voice steady. "I have taken a position in an interior decorator's shop."

"But—Ruth—why? I don't understand."

"Brian, there is no use pretending! I can't live this way any longer. I hate housework, dish washing, sweeping and dusting. We can't afford a maid; you even claim we can't even afford to live here, even when I do all the work. I have had twenty dollars a week offered me with the promise of more, doing work I love. Why should I do what I hate for nothing—and do it badly

For Miss Anderson.

Miss Josephine Lilevan and Mrs. Harold McCleary will entertain with a slumber party tonight at the home of Miss Lilevan, 815 Peoria avenue, for Miss Margaret Anderson, in honor of her approaching marriage to Charles Hintz. In the morning a breakfast will be enjoyed at the Lookout Point cottage at Lowell park. The guests will number eight young ladies.

To Angier School.

Miss Elsa Beckingham will teach the Angier school near Sublette this year.

For the Week-End.

Miss Lott Krug, of Ashton, with her guest, Miss Grandjean, of Chicago, spent the week end here as the guests of Miss Florence Stackpole. On Saturday evening a theatre party was formed with the Misses Henrietta Florschuetz and Lucille Miller as the additional guests.

With Miss Weisz.

Miss Mary Larkin of Polo, is spending the week as the guest of Miss Hazel Weisz, while attending the Teachers' Institute. Miss Larkin will teach the Hazelwood school the coming year.

Nachusa Allied Relief.

An all day meeting of the Nachusa Allied Relief will be held tomorrow at the home of Mrs. Alice Welty.

From Marshalltown.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Disbrow, of Marshalltown, Ia., formerly living here, motored through Dixon this morning on their way to Bloomington and called on a few Dixon friends, including the J. N. Sterling and J. D. Hill families.

At Mrs. Carbaugh Home.

Miss Elizabeth Heilenthal, of Ashton, has been spending the week as the guest of Mrs. George Carbaugh. Yesterday Mr. and Mrs. Henry Krug and daughter, Arletta, of Ashton, were also guests at the Mrs. Carbaugh home, coming to attend the Thompson lecture. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Brewster of Clayton, who have been visiting Mr. Brewster's mother at Byron, are now guests of Mrs. Carbaugh, having come today.

Entertaining Father.

Mrs. E. J. Ferguson is enjoying a visit from her father, Mr. Wason of Pontiac.

DANIEL J. SNYDER IS CALLED BY HIS MAKER

PARALYSIS CAUSED DEATH EARLY TODAY OF RESIDENT OF DIXON SINCE 1870

Daniel J. Snyder, for many years the proprietor of a shoe repairing stand at the foot of Galena avenue, and a resident of Dixon since 1870, passed away at 2:25 a. m. today, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. William Eckert, in North Dixon, death resulting from paralysis, with which he was stricken Sunday, Aug. 11.

Mr. Snyder was born Nov. 28, 1847, at Oregon, Ill., and was married to Mary Ellen Harris at Savanna on Sept. 15, 1869, coming to Dixon the following year. His home continued in this city until his death, with the exception of a few months spent with his daughters in Chicago. Mrs. Snyder passed away Dec. 3, 1906.

He is survived by a sister, Mrs. Mary Groff of Hood River, Ore., and seven daughters and two sons: Mrs. Minnie Hills, Mrs. Irene Samuels and Mrs. Patrick Fulton of Chicago; Mrs. Inez Peterson of Batavia; Mrs. Agnes Eckert, Mrs. Sarah Hill and Miss Ruby Snyder of Dixon; William and Leonard Snyder of Chicago.

Funeral services will be held at St. Patrick's Catholic church at 10 a. m. Thursday, Rev. Father Foley officiating, and with burial at Oakwood.

MORE YANKEES REACH SIBERIA

Vladivostok, Friday, Aug. 16.—A second transport carrying American troops arrived at Vladivostok today. The transport bearing the first contingent of American soldiers entered the harbor yesterday afternoon after a voyage of seven and a half days from Manila. A third troop ship is expected to arrive this evening.

Japanese Troop Movement Delayed.

Peking, Aug. 19.—The movement of Japanese troops from Chang Chun, on the Mukden-Harbin railroad, to the Manchuria-Serbian front has been further delayed. The delay is due to the demand made by the Japanese that they guard and virtually control the operations of the Chinese Eastern railway.

Food For Huns Seized.

New York, Aug. 20.—Seizure by the government of great quantities of devitalized wheat gluten, which was to have found its way to Germany through Switzerland, was announced today by Allen Property Custodian Palmer. The grain in pre-war times was worth \$200,000. It was discovered in June, stored in warehouses here by a German firm, ready for shipment overseas. It will be sold at auction.

Former Dixonites Stop.

Mr. and Mrs. Earle Disbrow and children, former residents of Dixon, stopped in Dixon a few hours this morning, en route from their home in Marshalltown, Ia., to Bloomington, where they will spend a few weeks visiting friends.

From Chicago Visit.

Miss Minnie Johnson has returned from a vacation visit in Princeton, New Jersey, and is again at the Eichler Bros. Beehive.

With Miss Rosenthal.

Miss Wilhelmina Eakin, of Pennsylvania, is the guest of Miss Ruth Rosenthal. Miss Eakin is identified with the large Chicago shoe firm of R. P. Smith & Son.

Charles Dimmick was here from Glendale farm this morning.

From Indiana.

Miss Marie Schnellbach

DIXON EVENING TELEGRAPH

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HE DOESN'T "FALL" FOR HERO STUFF

If the German Kaiser and his generals still have any idea that America's heart isn't in the war they should read a letter from Edgar Prout to his brother John, who is the editor of the St. Francisville Times. He expresses very well what the average young man feels. This particular young man was rejected as a volunteer for the U. S. Army, and was also rejected by the Canadian and French services. But he was finally accepted for special service, and is in training at the Arsenal Technical School, Indianapolis. From there he writes:

"Personally there is nothing I can imagine right now that I'd rather be than a soldier, and even now it seems that I'm not getting into it at all, yet. Wednesday, August 28th, is the day set for breaking camp here. My hope is that I don't get stationed in some factory or camp on this side, for I'd rather swim across than to stay over here till the war is over.

"I want to express my sincere sympathy for Earl (an intimate friend) in the loss of his father on the battlefield, but there is pride in knowing that there is no more honorable or glorious way to die. While I don't fall for any of this 'hero stuff,' still I shall feel that I have fallen short of the mark as a real soldier if I don't get across and make something of a real sacrifice other than just my time and personal liberty for a few years."

Pacifists who, as Clarence Darrow puts it, "speak with a German accent," might learn something from young Prout's letter.

SOLDIERS WANT HOME PAPERS

What Americans fighting in France want most (after their letters from their families or their sweethearts, of course) is the home papers. Everyone who has visited them and come back says so, and they say so. This is what one of them writes to Stars and Stripes, official paper of the A. E. F.:

"I am one of a detail of five radio men who have spent the larger part of the last three months on the front. We are generally out of touch with the Y. M. C. A.; mails are infrequent, and reading matter at a premium. One man is on duty all the time and during the long hours of the night, when little outside of test calls is to be heard, duty becomes tedious without something to help pass the time. Here is where the newspaper comes in, even the advertisements furnishing enjoyment.

"There is another phase of the question, to me, at least. It seems as if the city in which I live is writing me a personal letter through the medium of the newspaper. What do we care for the war news? It is the little personal notes, bringing to mind people or places that one's parents or friends might know or mention. It helps to bring close the atmosphere of home, and forms a bond with home nearly as strong as that formed by home letters."

So if you know a soldier send him the home papers. You can't send a package unless he asks for specific things, but you can send papers at any time.

TO ORGANIZE CHILDREN'S CHORUSES

People in Illinois have been whistling and humming patriotic airs ever since this country got into the war. The news of the Yanks' achievements during the last few weeks have made them want to shout. Now they are to have the chance to shout, in chorus, for the Woman's Committee of the State Council of Defense will organize "Liberty Choruses" in all parts of the state.

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WHERE DISTANCE LENDS ENCHANTMENT

When reading cheering reports as to the zeal, vim, fresh enthusiasm, etc., that our soldiers in France bring to the firing line, some whose memories go back to '61 or to '98 would probably like to add that our men are further blessed in that the Atlantic Ocean is between them and their country's politicians.—Collier's.

CITY IN BRIEF

If you are interested in first class land proposition, see J. E. Comerford of the Daniel Hayes Land Co., at the Nachusa Tavern. 176 ft.

Harry Byers of South Dixon was a Dixon visitor Monday.

Mrs. John Zarger and Mrs. Frank Group were here Monday from Franklin Grove.

Mrs. Harry Currans and daughter were Monday morning shoppers from Nachusa.

Miss Cleo Deeter is assisting again at the Mrs. Woolever Millinery shop.

The Daniel Hayes Land Co. are offering special inducements to those wishing to buy farm lands. See their representative at the Nachusa House. 176 ft.

Miss Flossie Lambert has resigned her position at the Zoeller store and is taking a course at the Copps college.

Mrs. E. H. Miller of Route 1, was in Dixon Monday.

E. J. Ferguson and father-in-law, Mr. Wesson, of Pontiac, have gone to Manchester, Ia., on business.

Milton Vaughn, Willard Countryman and Robert Shaw arrived home Sunday night from Wilmington, Del.

"What can I do for falling hair?" Use Parisian Sage; this also cures dandruff and itching scalp. Rowland Bros. sell it.

Henry Murphy who is employed in carpenter work at Argofay, Ill., is here for a short visit with his mother, Mrs. Bridget Murphy, 715 Peoria avenue.

Carl and Henry Schick, of Elvira, Ia., are visiting at the Jacob Alber home in Palmyra.

Dr. Pankhurst of Grand Detour, was in town Monday.

The price of the Dixon Evening Telegraph by mail is \$4.00 a year in Lee and adjoining Counties, and \$5.00 a year to districts outside this.

Miss G. M. Condon, of Chicago, has the position as chief trimmer in the Miss M. M. Winter Millinery Shop.

Wm. Nixon is having a vacation from the A. L. Eisenheimer store.

Wm. Nixon and H. M. Rasch of the A. L. Gelsenheimer Co., spent Monday in Chicago.

J. F. Wells of Hamilton township was a visitor in Dixon yesterday.

Mi-o-na stomach tablets which Rowland Bros. sell under a guarantee, end all forms of stomach ills.

Deputy Sheriff Frank Schoenholz was transacting business in Palmyra this forenoon.

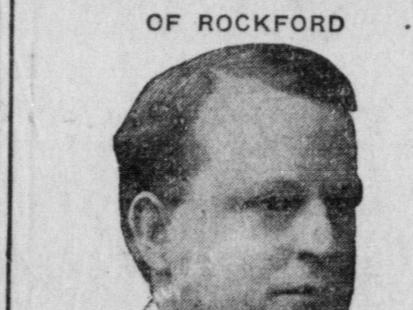
Attorney William Gruber and son Roland of Chicago, who are here spending their vacation with Mr. Gruber's mother, spent Monday with friends in Grand Detour.

F. M. Smith transacted business in Sterling Monday afternoon.

Dr. C. C. Kost was a professional visitor in Sterling last evening.

John W. Duffy and son Clark were visitors in Sterling this morning.

Geo. Fruin will go to Proptown this evening for a short visit. Mrs. Fruin, who has been visiting there some time, will return with him.

VOTE FOR
FRED E. STERLING
OF ROCKFORDCANDIDATE FOR REPUBLICAN
NOMINATION FOR
STATE TREASURER

Primary Election Wed., Sept. 11.

The man who, as Chairman of the Republican State Committee, managed the successful Republican campaign in Illinois in 1916. He comes from Big Republican Winnebago County, which has never had a Nominee on a Republican State Ticket.

He is widely known and will add strength to the Ticket at the November Election.

ABE MARTIN



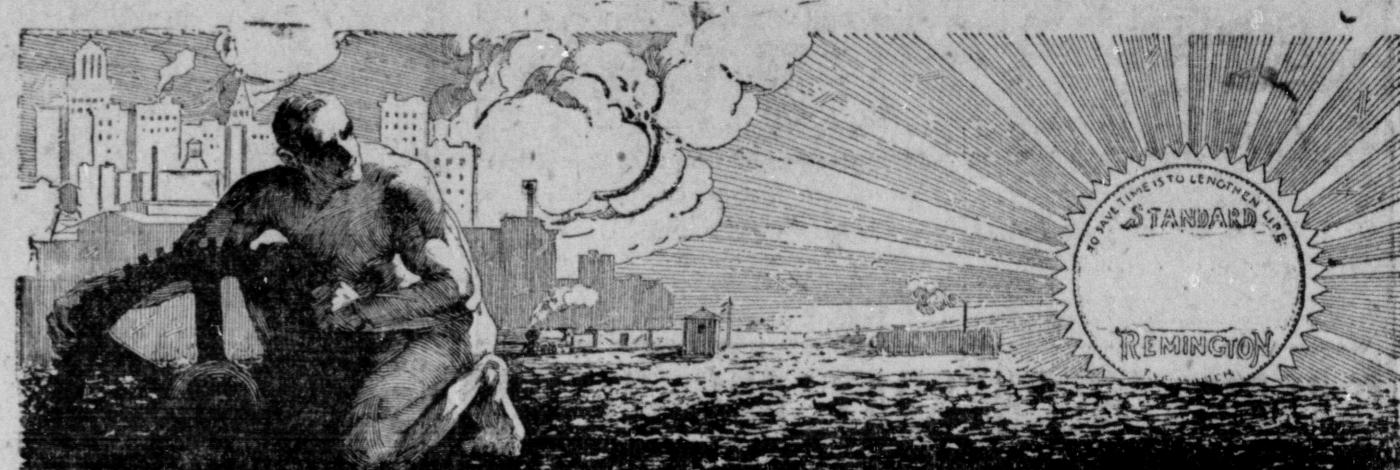
Another thing a fully equipped loafer allus carries is a little book givin' th' poulation o' all th' cities. When somebody wants t' prove that somebody else isn't stuck up they say, "Why, he eats at th' dairy lunch."

REMODELS BUILDING

David Shank has completed the remodeling of the frame building owned by Will Shank, plumber, on Hennepin avenue, and has succeeded in giving the building a very up-to-date appearance. The building, which was hardly a credit to the block, is now greatly improved in appearance and improves the whole street. Mr. Shank has worked out an idea of stucco work, with the upper part of the building done in Kellastone and the lower in cement, which is very attractive. The building will be occupied by the Will Shank plumbing shop and the Rawls Radiator shop.

DEKALB MAN HONORED

Rockford, Ill., Aug. 19.—Lieut. Ralph Judd of De Kalb, Ill., who is recovering from wounds received in action, has been presented with a pipe by Gen. Petain for bravery in the Belleau Woods battle. The pipe bears the general's monogram.



To Lighten the Nation's Labor

has become the imperative need of the hour. More work to do—fewer hands to do it—is the present problem. Labor must be saved; man power must be conserved. Clerical time and labor waste is something you can ill afford at any time. Still less can you afford it now—when there is no more labor to waste.

All business houses feel this condition. For them the maximum of clerical labor saving has become an absolute necessity.

The Remington Typewriter product supplies this need. The special Remington features offer this maximum of time and labor saving in all of the most important clerical and accounting tasks.

Among these features are:

The SELF STARTING REMINGTON, which saves from 15 per cent. to 25 per cent. of time in ordinary standard letter writing.

The KEY SET REMINGTON, which performs a similar service in all statistical and other tabular writing.

The REMINGTON ACCOUNTING MACHINE (Wahl Mechanism) which cuts out half the former labor in billing, statement writing and ledger posting, and applies cold-steel, error-proof accuracy to every accounting task.

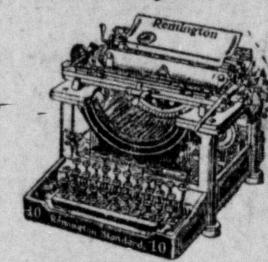
The sum of these Remington time and labor savings will solve the clerical labor problem—however acute the problem may be.

How about your clerical work? Have you any clerical tasks to which you have not yet applied these latest Remington labor savers? If you have, then we can help you to solve YOUR problem.

Remington Typewriter Company
(INCORPORATED)

CONSUMER'S BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILL.

These are the Remington Labor Lifters:



LABOR DAY IN PERU

A Big Patriotic Celebration and Entertainment

Jackie's Band 25 Pieces

Trained by John Phillip Sousa, these boys from the Great Lakes put zip and pep into every piece they play

MONSTER PARADE 9.30 A. M.

Floats, decorated autos, bands, soldiers, unions, lodges.

Two Patriotic Speakers

Ex-Gov. Richard Yates

Said to be the most eloquent patriotic speaker in the State of Illinois

Private Archibald Munro

A wounded Canadian Soldier, veteran of the first battles, a returned German prisoner, will tell of his experiences in the trenches and in the Prison Camp.

BIG FREE ACTS

No expense is being spared to secure high class troupes of acrobatic performers who will give free performances on the grounds.

A Demonstration by Peru's \$10,000 Fire Truck

In connection with this demonstration there will be an exhibition by the Liberty Fire Company No. 1—Peru's famous fire fighters

Log Dance in the Evening. Seelig's Orchestra

There'll be stunts galore. Something doing every minute. More fun than you can shake a stick at. Bring your lunch and stay all day. Or, plenty to eat and drink in Peru.

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THE GREAT AMERICAN STORES CO.

United States Food Administration License No. G 03945
87 Galena Avenue Store No. 154 Dixon, Ill.
TED C. GODFREY, Mgr.

SPECIAL WEDNESDAY, AUG. 21, 1918

EXTRA SPECIAL
CAMPBELL'S MATCHES 5 Large Boxes 23c
Assorted Soups 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ c

EXTRA SPECIAL
GENUINE ALUMINUM Cereal Cooker 99c
VALUE \$1.85 And 1 Lb. Rolled Oats

JUST A FEW TOILET PAPER
Extra Fancy 89c 6 BIG ROLLS 21c
\$1.25 Brooms

SPECIAL WEDNESDAY NIGHT
From 6 to 9:30 P. M.
10 BARS Crystal White or Swift's Classic SOAP 54c
"This Soap is Worth 7c per Cake

We Pay Cash for Butter and Eggs.
Your Order Delivered for 10c
STORE OPEN WEDNESDAY NIGHTS
WE ALWAYS HAVE BARGAINS IN SMOKED MEATS

NEWS FROM THE W. C. N. D. ROOMS

(Mrs. Frederick G. Lindstrom, Publicity Chairman.)

OUR ALLIANCE WITH ITALY.

Of all our Allies none has closer ties woven by the great struggle in which we are equally engaged than Italy. With her we have the living bond of a large Italian born band of neighbors. In Illinois the Italians form a larger group than any other of the Allied countries, with the exception of Russia.

There are points of similarity between Italy and ourselves. Take our entry into the war. Italy, just as we did, waited many months before she joined forces with the Allies. She joined forces with the Allies, but she did wait eleven months after the invasion of Belgium to declare war and mobilize her army. We have another point in common. Italy declared war only on Austria. She believed as we have done, that she could fight against part of the Central Powers while keeping friendly with the others.

The Italians had some reason for their delay. Germany had always been their friend. Italy's economic regeneration had been built up by German money. Germans owned her banks, her munitions factories, in fact all of her industries were either managed or owned by Germans. The old bonds of the Triple Alliance were hard to break. In fact, Italy broke first with Turkey and then Bulgaria within a few months of entering the conflict, but it was not until one year and three months that she declared war on Germany.

The Italian soldiers, with their

hands, bayonets and knives held their "dream city," Venice, against the combined armies of Germany, Austria, Bulgaria and Turkey, until the British and French reinforcements could be brought up and the guns placed. Do you not think these men are Allies to be proud of?

Hitherto Italy has been too modest to appeal to Americans for help and has tried to take care of her soldiers herself. At present the Italian Relief Auxiliary of the American Red Cross is bending all its energies in an effort to supply as quickly as may be some of Italy's most pressing needs.

A certain group of energetic Chicago women, all of whom are lovers of Italy, have opened headquarters for Italian Relief work under the auspices of the American Red Cross at room 310 Garland building, 60 East Washington street, next door to the American Fund for French founded.

The most urgent needs are surgical supplies, civilian clothing, knitted and crocheted garments for soldiers, blankets, soap, rubber goods. Old garments, if clean and warm, can be used for the refugees, of whom there are now over 500,000 scattered about in the principal cities, absolutely destitute.

This letter was recently received at the rooms of the W. C. C. N. D. ITALIAN RELIEF AUXILIARY Chicago.

Mrs. Ada M. Decker, Woman's Committee, C. of N. D., Dixon, Ill.

Dear Mrs. Decker:

Your letter and the two sleeveless jackets arrived today. Will you please thank your committee for the work they have done for us?

I hope very much that we shall continue to have your splendid cooperation. Very truly yours,

Mary S. Nixon, Director.

This letter may also help answer the question "What is the Allied Relief Doing?"

HEADQUARTERS ALLIED RELIEF Chicago, Ill.

Lee County Allied Relief Committee, Dear Madame:

We acknowledge with sincere thanks your splendid contribution consisting of:

90 pairs pajamas,
22 surgical shirts,
108 day shirts,
gun wipers,
142 large coussinet,
84 abdominal binders,
70 1-metres,
70 coussinet gauze,
28 compresses (5x5).

The hospital garments are more than welcome. We want to make a drive on pajamas in order to meet the request of Mrs. Lathrop who asks for ten thousand pairs. She also stated that there was a more urgent need for surgical shirts, and hospital bed shirts. In fact she ended by saying that there was a desperate need for everything in hospital

garments.

With renewed thanks for your cooperation and your splendid assistance, I am

Very sincerely yours,
Katherine R. Taylor,
Chairman Surgical Dressings and Hospital Garments Department.

(Mrs. George H. Taylor)
To Mrs. John G. Ralston,
Dixon, Ill.

Did you know that Lee county was one of the 17 counties which "went over the top" in the recent National War Savings Day Drive?

And do you know that this is "Pershing Week"? 3,000,000 citizens of Illinois are called upon to sign during that week the Pershing Patriotic Honor Roll. We plan to send this mighty list of names to the Commander of our armies across the seas, as ocular evidence that the people of Illinois are standing behind him, that they will not permit a lack of munitions and supplies for his men.

The purchases may apply on pledges previously made. But the should be more. Pershing patriots should be PLUS patriots. They should purchase more stamps than they pledged. It is not needful to tell people that War Savings Stamps are a good investment, they know it.

What good citizen will want to have this great list of patriots sent to General Pershing with his name missing?

Did you know, mothers, that it is more dangerous to be a baby in Illinois than a soldier in France? Our of every 1,000 babies born in Illinois 111 die before they are a year old. Out of every 1,000 soldiers fighting in France, only 11 die.

The Child Welfare Drive, which is soon to open in Lee county, will enable every mother to know just how her child compares with the accepted standard of normal children.

There will be more complete news regarding this in this column for next week.

The campaign for a thirteen to twenty-three per cent increased wheat acreage in Illinois is but a week old, but has already demonstrated the value of team work. Counties are beginning to report progress. From some the word is that they have prepared to exceed the maximum assigned them; others report that they are staggered by the quota asked of them, but promise to come up to expectations. This is to meet the increased need across the sea. We at home have, ere this, our own special wheatless recipes for making dainty things. This is one kindly given us by Mrs. Strong, and as she says, a "less" cake:

1 package raisins.
1 cup sugar.
1 cup molasses.
1 and $\frac{1}{2}$ cups of water.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful each of cinnamon, nutmeg and cloves.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lard or any shortening.
Boil for five minutes and cool.
Add 1 teaspoonful soda, and 2 of baking powder, 4 cups of any substitute flour, and enough wheat flour to make a stiff batter. This makes two loaves. Bake in medium oven for 45 minutes.

INQUIRY DEPARTMENT.

All questions addressed to "Information," W. C. C. N. D. rooms, Dixon, Ill., concerning legal rules for soldiers and sailors, and also questions pertaining to war work for women, will be fully answered in this column. If you wish to call at the rooms, Mrs. Lindstrom, chairman of

information, will be there on Monday and Thursday afternoons, from 2:30 until 5, and will be glad to personally discuss the different phases of war work with you.

Miss Ruth W.—The recruiting station for the Student Nurses Reserve will open at the W. C. C. N. D. rooms in a week or so. The brief requirements are, 21 to 35 years of age, good physical condition, graduates of high school, or a school of equivalent educational facilities, good moral character. Complete information concerning this important work will be given next week. The canteen work comes under the Red Cross work, and you should apply to the local director. There is none at present, but one is to be appointed this week, and I will print the name for you next week.

It is lovely of you to want to sew for us. Yes, indeed, we send out home work. Just at present, it is hospital shirts. You could call at the rooms on Wednesday evenings, and get them, with directions for making.

LITTLE LINES.
Mrs. Kezia Bryant of Palmyra township brought in three pairs of socks.

Mrs. J. T. Lawrence, also of Palmyra, was in the office, bringing finished surgical shirts.

Mrs. Claude Teuton is now knitting with her mother for us. Another daughter, Mrs. Lester Hoyle of Palmyra, is also knitting.

The Wolverine unit of Palmyra township meets every Wednesday. They make 18 shirts a week. Isn't that a splendid record?

The Lafa-lot club met at the rooms last week, and accomplished a great deal of work. Those present were the Misses Mabel Drew, Letitia Hey, Eva Lawton, Florence Lawton, Anza Lawton, Eva Mensch, Nioma Alter and Mesdames Leroy Buhler and Mark Williams.

We are very badly in need of dry goods cartons, in which to send away finished supplies. Will the patriot dry goods stores in town kindly respond?

Miss Strong, the sister of Mrs. W. F. Strong, chairman of surgical dressings, visited and helped at the rooms on Monday, the 10th.

RECOVERING FROM INJURY.
George D. Anderson returned on Monday evening from Waukegan, where he has been confined to the hospital for the past several weeks, recovering from the effects of an eighteen foot fall. Mr. Anderson is improving but will be confined to his bed for the next four or five weeks.

HUN PRESS PREPARES WAY FOR RETIREMENT

GERMAN NEWSPAPERS BEGIN TO SEE MENACE IN THE U. S. ARMY.

By Associated Press
Paris, Aug. 19.—The German press is attempting to reassure its public that a general retreat is necessary on the western front to allow Gen. Ludendorff room to maneuver and to assume the initiative on a vast scale, the newspapers report.

A German retreat, the newspapers say, would be a direct result of the recent allied successes.

The newspapers assert that even if the Germans receive reinforcements from Austria they have lost the power to command events, as Marshal Foch has the initiative and will keep

German propaganda insists that the German general staff will retain the initiative by forcing premature engagements on the American army, thus wear out before it is fully prepared. L'Homme Libre says that the American forces taking part in the Picardy offensive could not be compared in size with those of the French and British.

It says that America will soon have a first class army in France and that it will have airplanes which the German aviators will have reason to fear.



NO, SIR, THAT'S NOT A NEW TIRE
It's merely an old tire vulcanized by our thoroughly efficient up-to-date method. Our system of vulcanizing adds thousands of miles to the life of your tire, and improves both its resiliency and ease of riding. Prices for new tires are rapidly advancing; therefore save your used tires by our scientific vulcanizing.

WILBUR SANTEE
115 E. First St. Nett Garage

Pretty Styles in Serge Dresses.



Such an attractive lot of these dressy Serge Frocks that you'll have no trouble in choosing one for yourself and the daughter for school wear and they cost so little in comparison to the wool shortage at this time. This may be your only opportunity to own an all-wool Serge Dress at these prices

**\$12.50, \$15.00, \$16.50
\$18.50 to \$25.00**

Final Clean-Up of Summer Dresses

Many desirable models are included in this lot of Summer Voiles, white percales, etc., suitable for mornings. Only a few left, divided into two lots.

LOT ONE—White and colored voiles, good styles, also some sport models in heavier materials, sizes 18 to 40. Clean-up sale \$3.98.

LOT TWO—You should buy plenty of these at this extremely low price. Models are all good, made of voiles, white percales and a few tissues. Don't judge these by the price. Come in and look them over. We offer these prices for quick action. Clean-up sale price \$2.98.

Welworth and Wirthmore Waists Here

Most extraordinary in value are these new Welworth and Wirthmore blouses. The fixed uniform price of these blouses throughout the country have been \$1.00 and \$2.00 despite advancing materials, making the values greater than ever before. The quality standard of these far famed waists has never been nor never will be lowered. Just one good store in every city can sell these blouses. For the present the prices are still \$1.00 and \$2.00.

Buy Your Comfort Challies Today

While we are able to offer you a 36 inch wide comfort challie at a reasonable price, we advise you to buy your material today and thereby save money. You will without question pay more later. Today's price is 25c the yd.

Patterns are unusually artistic in design.

O. H. Martin & Co.
Dixon, Illinois

At the Request of the Directors of the Steel Supplies of the War Industry--

We are to co-operate with the Government for the purpose of locating and reporting all lots of Scrap which are being withheld from the market. Now it is absolutely necessary for all householders, farmers, factories, etc., to make special efforts to gather up their **Scrap Iron, Rubbers, Rags, Paper Stock and Hides and Sell it.**

PRICES NEVER WERE HIGHER!

Now get busy and bring your stuff in—we pay you highest market prices

We will call for your orders promptly and will appreciate your business.

J. SINOW

TELEPHONE 81

114-116 RIVER STREET

The Fatal Gift

By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

Author of "Darkness and Dawn," "The Empire in the Air," "The Golden Blight," "The After-Glow," "Beyond the Great Oblivion," "The Crime-Detector," Etc., Etc., Etc.

Copyright, The Frank A. Munsey Co.

CHAPTER X.

The Crisis Approaches.

Then I stopped short, a terrible fear gripping at my heart.

The sight I beheld there on the bed would have dismayed a stronger soul than mine. At once I sensed disaster of some kind.

But what? I could not tell at first. Only I knew some terrible thing had happened.

A single light was burning in the room—the doctor's green-shaded student lamp. Evidently the oil in it was almost gone, for it had burned low, and a rank smell of charred wick filled the apartment. It seemed to shroud the room in a kind of visible shadow, rather than cast illumination.

Everywhere, as before, I saw books, books, books; and on the table I caught sight of the morphin-case open, with the fiendish apparatus of vice in disorder.

But it was what I saw upon the bed that turned me sick and faint as I advanced, staring toward it.

Across the bed, in an attitude of supreme abandon, lay the detestable Vital Ergazy. He was clad only in a bath-robe. One foot was slipped; the other dangled, limp and bare, over the side of the bed.

His left arm lay under him. The right had been thrown out. This hand hung flaccid toward the floor. It was blue with congested blood. The veins stood out on it repellently.

The drug fiend's face, feebly lighted by the wan flicker of the lamp, expressed utter Nirvana, complete oblivion. Vital Ergazy was not dead; that, unfortunately, was quite obvious. His stertorous breathing attested the fact of life, as well as the hue of his countenance, flushed rather than waxy.

In an instant I realized the truth—a terrible overdose of the drug.

With a groan that was an exclamation on this monster who had at a crucial moment violated every trust reposed in him and yielded to his base passion at a time when the supreme change was at hand, I approached. Shuddering with repulsion, I bent over him. I loathed the contact of any touch upon him, yet I must investigate his condition and see what could be done for him. I might, perhaps, revive him enough to be of some service. Now that I could no longer get into communication with Bordeur, it was vitally essential that I bring this wretch to life and consciousness again.

I lifted his arm and let it fall, limp as a dead man's. I turned his head, saw the half-closed eyes and slavered lips, and trembled with hate and rage and loathing.

Again I let his head fall back upon the tumbled bed, inert and senseless. "Drugged almost to extinction," I slowly murmured to myself as if I had been speaking to another person. "The beast has committed the crime of crimes just at this moment—he has, either voluntarily or by mistake, administered a terrific overdose to himself."

I stood up and gazed down at him with a violence of hate such as I never knew my soul could feel. For a minute or two my whole being seemed to focus and to concentrate into one searing flame of hatred for this creature, now inert and useless, as a clod of earth, oblivious of duty and the urgent need of his service, sleeping the blank, senseless, awful sleep of morphia.

Again I examined him. I took his slow, pounding pulse and listened to his still slower respiration. I raised his right eyelid and observed the pupil, contracted to a needle-point.

Then, unwomanly as it was in me and foreign to all my austere New England training, I uttered an ardent condemnation of his soul—if, indeed, soul he had—and cursed him for a coward and traitor.

Irresistible passion flared upon me. I raised my fist and struck him twice, thrice, with the most injurious epithets I knew. Shuddering with loathing of the man, and with revulsion at my own guest of wrath, so strange to me, I turned away.

The man, I knew, would not die. After some hours of oblivion—he would slowly reemerge, dull, broken and confused, into the living world once more. With pain and suffering he would recuperate from his debauch. He would once more take up the low course of his detestable life, and go forward with his debasing slavery to morphia.

Yes, he would live through this, but meantime?

Meantime I was left alone there in that storm-swept house, alone with Alexandra, my nerves unstrung, my body broken with fatigue. The prospect was appalling. What would I not have given for a sight of the smiling, honest face of Andre Brodeur?

My only comfort in this distress was the firm conviction that after all no

crime had been intended. Some accident had happened to Andre; that was all. He had known nothing of Vital's condition. There had been no collusion between them. Fate, and fate alone, was responsible for the scurvy trick she had played on Alexandra and on me.

As I walked slowly toward the

door, my mind a daze, a glint of glass and metal on the table caught my eye, reflected by the dimming flame of the student-lamp. I strode to the table, suddenly energized, swept the whole infernal paraphernalia of vice to the floor—glass syringe, tubes, tabloids, needle-points and all—and with my heel stamped them into a chaos of broken glass and twisted metal.

Then, without another look at the bed unconscious there on the bed, I walked from the room.

A pale face startled me, peering with maimed eyes from the stairway that led to the attic.

"Laws a massy me, what in tarnation?" demanded Mrs. Spragg trembly. "It ain't burglars nor nothing, is it, dearie? I heard a crashin' and a smashin', and I says to myself, says I—"

"Go back to bed," I ordered. "There are things you'd better keep out of."

"I knocks at Joel's door," Mrs. Spragg quavered persistently, "and says, 'burglars, Jo!' But he won't get up, nohow. He's in bed now with his head covered over. He ain't quite right, you know; never has been since—"

"Hush!" I interrupted angrily, facing her with clenched fists. "Go back to bed now, before I make you!"

Whatever happens, you have seen nothing and heard nothing. Remember that, or it will be worse for you! Now go!"

The poor old creature, ridiculous in a pink flannel nightdress and sparse gray hair, with wide and blinking eyes, turned mumbly and whinny, retreated to the unknown upper regions and vanished in the dark.

"All crazy! All stark, ravin' lunatics! An' I know it, too!" I heard her soliloquize from the stair-head. "Joel, he ain't right in his mind, but he's mighty sane compared with this here crowd, I cal'fate!"

A door slammed violently—for Mrs. Spragg, when not scared blue, had a full-grown temper—and silence came again; silence as before, with wind and rain battering the old house and shaking it betimes, despite its stout frame of hand-hewn timbers.

Very angry and terribly shaken, I returned down-stairs, passed through the hall where now white ashes from the fireplace had been blown about the floor by the down-gusting wind, and stopped to lay another log on the fire. Then I returned to the bedside of Alexandra.

Aroused as I now was, I felt strength to face every contingency. Whether Andre should return or not mattered nothing. My anger and determination buoyed me up. I would stand by the woman till the last ounce of my energy had been expended—till the last drop of my blood, if need were, should have been consumed.

Exhaustion I no longer even felt. New life, and fresh, inexhaustible forces had been awakened in me.

Alexandra still lay there, passive; but her position had somewhat altered. She evidently sensed my entering the room by the slight vibration made by the jar of the caisson-doors in closing. With a mute beckoning she raised her right hand.

I seemed to sense a subtle change in her—a kind of alert intentness. Not only was the woman awake and fully conscious, but a certain fresh activity and energy seemed to radiate from her in a way I could not understand. I could only sense it, with the intuition which we women have and which men never yet have understood and never will.

Ten o'clock came and went. All at once Alexandra's hand moved again, took the pencil, and wrote:

"Tell me, doctor, what is this I feel?"

I read the message with alarm. A moment I was at a loss for a reply. But I managed to say:

"Feel? What do you mean? Are your symptoms disquieting?"

"No, not that," she answered. "Only strange."

"How so?"

"I can hardly tell. But I seem to be so different now. I sense a kind of lightness, a glow, a new and strange sensation. It seems as though something perfect were very, very near."

I could find no answer. Anxiously I peered at the long paper strip. The lines were now converging more and more markedly. My heart began throbbing painfully again. Obviously the critical moment was at hand, or would be before midnight—and now I seemed to feel that midnight would not bring Andre.

The warning of Andre himself recurred to me:

"At the crucial moment no time must be lost. Summon us in all haste if we were not present. We must be here in person. You alone cannot handle the case. You understand the perils of disaster now!"

I shuddered. He had hidden me from him—but how could I do the impossible? He had conjured me to let them know when the lines showed signs of meeting and had warned me of the instant need of action at that time—but now that the moment was at hand both men had failed me.

For once in my life I sensed a depth of terror which I never yet had known existed in my soul. The hour of proof and trial was almost at hand.

"Would Andre return in time? Or must I, all unaided, face it alone?"

Swiftly I pondered. Alexandra was right. To deceive her, if she fathomed the attempt at deception, would certainly work unfavorably upon her nerves, raise her temperature, and increase her hematic pressure. Thus I might work her a grave, perhaps an irreparable injury.

I dared not assume the risk. Better for her to know the truth, unpleasant though it were.

"Listen, Alexandra," said I, speaking very quietly into the receiver.

"Nothing of any real importance has happened. Yet it is true there has been little disturbance. Do not excite or disturb yourself in the least."

"You know, of course, that Vital Ergazy is a drug-addict?"

Her hand, moving, wrote:

"Yes. Morphin."

"Very well," I continued. "He has merely taken an overdose."

"Not fatal?" she wrote with some agitation.

"No. He is merely unconscious for a while. That is all. In a few hours he will recover. Meanwhile I will stay with you till Andre returns."

I tried to speak confidently and to feel with equal confidence that Andre would come back at midnight; but the heart within me was filled with terri-

ble misgivings.

"Now," said I, "you understand? And you are not alarmed?"

"I understand, and I have no fear. It does not disturb me, save than you are tired and need rest. I am thinking only of you."

"Dismiss me from your mind," I bade her. "I command it! I am really very well able to watch with you a while longer. Andre will be here to relieve me in a few hours at the outside."

Alexandra remained quiet a moment; then wrote again:

"What was the noise. The confusion?"

"I had to break in Vital's door to reach him."

"I understand. It is well. I will rest a little."

She became passive again. Relieved to have got this ordeal over with no ill results, I now inspected the instruments.

Rays, humidity, and heat all were correct. But when I turned to examine the glass-case on Alexandra's left arm I felt a certain uneasiness. It was obvious that a distinct change had taken place in the convergence of the polychromatic lines. What could it portend?

Anxiously I studied the lines. They now clearly showed a tendency to meet. Their parallel character had been entirely lost, and without any question of a doubt they were promising to cross within a very short time—no more than a few hours at the outside."

A premonition of vital happenings now close at hand swept over me. The very hum of the ray-apparatus that filled the air of the hidden room seemed ominous with news of this critical moment which I, all alone, so feared to meet.

Desperate, I telephoned Gramercy 99672, but was unable to reach Andre or get any news of him whatever. The number simply did not answer. The situation was one well fitted to alarm anybody.

One doctor missing, the other drugged and helpless; the supreme moment drawing swiftly on—I left there alone, spent, weary, and unnerved, to face it in all its impulsive need!

I thought for a moment of summoning Mrs. Spragg, but immediately dismissed the idea. She could do no good, and might work endless ill.

Whatever should befall now—in case Andre did not return in time—I should have to handle the situation on my own responsibility and fight my way through as best I might.

Thus I waited half an hour—an hour—and more, carefully keeping all the conditions adjusted in strict accordance with the instructions given me. But ever more and more apparent became the tendency of the red line, the blue and the black to cross at the dreaded point—the point which should announce to me that I, unaided and alone, must immediately undertake to usher the butterfly out of her chrysalis.

This was the contingency I confronted; this the situation I so greatly dreaded. Responsibilities far beyond any I had thought to assume in accepting the position were now to be forced upon me. Results affecting an entire human life, perhaps the whole world, were to be left in my soul. Freedom—light—beauty—joy—perfection at last!"

"Do not excite yourself, my dear Alexandra!" I entreated. "Remain calm. Do not jeopardize the process by increasing your nerve-tension, your blood-pressure, your fevered emotions. Relax! Lie quiet!"

"There may yet be time for Andre to arrive. Wait for him still a little time. Be quiet!"

This seemed to quiet her, though it was very far from reassuring me. For a time she lay quite still again. I watched the crawling lines that issued from the little slot of the glass box. Fatefully they approached each other in parabolic curves that now could not possibly avoid crossing at a point within a very few minutes at the outside."

It had now become a kind of diabolical race between those lines which spelled the final integration, and the arrival of Andre Brodeur, who alone could be trusted to remove the bandages and institute treatment to render the results permanent. The tension on my nerves now had strained them to the breaking point. I felt a contraction of the throat. My mouth was hot and dry, my lips parched. The heart within me hammered sickeningly.

And I could do nothing, absolutely nothing now, save sit there helpless, watching the clock that lagged with such maddening deliberation, observing those lines that seemed to mock my futility, listening all in vain for sounds that came not and for help that in the hour of need had failed us both!

Desperate, half-maddened by the blue-white glare of the rays and by the droning hum of the apparatus, I once more rang Vital Ergazy's room. Perhaps at last he might have awakened from his drug-ridden slumber and be able to help me at least a little in the crisis now at hand.

And I could do nothing, absolutely nothing now, save sit there helpless, watching the clock that lagged with such maddening deliberation, observing those lines that seemed to mock my futility, listening all in vain for sounds that came not and for help that in the hour of need had failed us both!

I seemed lost, forsaken, done for—hemmed by the vacuity of absolute abandonment and by the sullen slasher of the storm. I began to laugh rather wildly; then realized that hysteria was sadly out of place, and pulled myself together again.

Suddenly Alexandra began groping in the air, as if to find me. Something told me the moment was at hand beyond which no delay was possible.

I glanced at the clock. It was now 12:26. On the paper strip the lines had at last reached the point of absolute convergence. The moment of moments was at hand!

From the bed issued a strange sound.

It seemed a kind of vague, dull moaning—stifled, infinitely far away; a sound that set my flesh crawling and sent shivers to my heart. For the first time in all these interminable weeks Alexandra had tried to make herself heard through the thick swathe of bandages.

Now as I crouched above her, half-distracted, she seized the pencil and wrote something, boldly and in a different manner altogether from her previous communications.

At first I dared not read that writing, and turned away. She struck the pad against the coverlet sharply, and held it out to me. The message was:

"Liberate me!"

It struck me like a whip. I knew now that there could be no possible evasion of this heavy risk. No possible doubt now existed that the time

had come. She, too, felt it, just as the records had demonstrated it. The imperative force of her demand could not be refused. And yet—and yet—

"Alexandra," said I, speaking into the audiphone, "Andre is not here,

The risk will be terrible for me to act alone. Let us wait just a few minutes longer."

"Impossible!" she wrote. "I must go free!"

"I dare not assume the responsibility."

"Be it upon me, then!"

"You are determined, Alexandra?"

"Absolutely; You must liberate me now, or with my free hand I will tear away my bandages!"

Just as she spoke the clock struck the half-hour—a single and ominous stroke of doom. A sudden great

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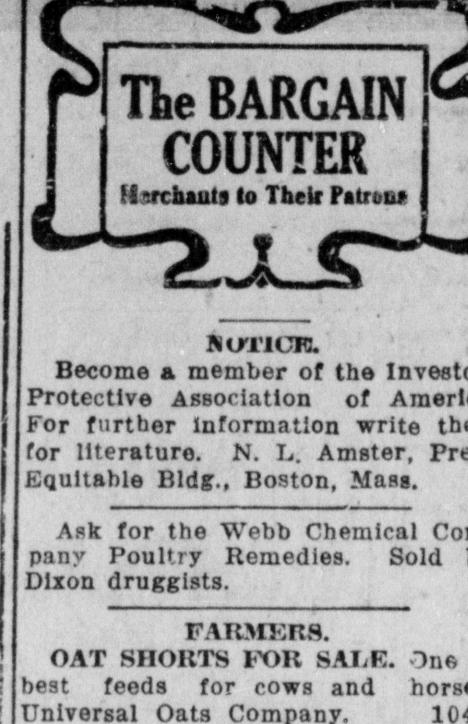
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: THE EVENING STORY ;

CUMA

By ROSE HENDERSON
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Below were the gray depths that lay slumbering and mysterious beyond the cliff's ragged edge. Above was the clear, calm, interminable blue. Cuma Ventura crouched in the warm sand, leaning her head against the rough rock at her side. Behind her were thick short cactus bushes growing in scattered clumps and back of these the sides of the mountain rose, steep, jagged and barren. The rock was warm against her cheek though the sun was an hour below the Guadalupe peaks and the cactus shadows were growing darker on the long slopes. The air seemed heavy with silence. No bird sang. A vine gerone slipped under a stone at the edge of the cliff.

The girl sat quietly, her head bowed. The heavy, dark braids were bound with bands of glittering beads. Away in the distance sounded the faint tinkle of sheep bells and the barking of a dog. At these sounds the girl raised her head. She snatched from her neck a small round locket, stared at the trinket a moment as it lay in her hand, and then flung it over the cliff into the chasm below. Her slim brown face was flushed; her eyes were large with pain, but there were no tears in them.

"So it meant not anything to him—not anything," she muttered. The truth was slowly becoming real to her and it came with the weight of death itself. It was hard to believe after the beautiful dreams, so hard. There would be nothing more to be happy about. She would have to marry Petro as her father wished. Duro, her pony, and the new saddle would be his. He would beat the little Duro when he was drunk, and her, too, he would beat her of course when he was jealous and angry.

At the thought of the ugly Mexican suitor her face broke into quick angry frowns. She pulled her long braid over her shoulders. Pierre had patted them once as she rode beside him and he had blushed foolishly. She hated herself for those blushes. And when his hand had chance to touch hers on the saddle horn, or when he had leaned over her, helping her to read the English books, she had trembled with a new and delicious joy.

She had taught him to know the desert and the mountains. He was often reckless in his ignorance. Once with her lips she had drawn the blood from a rattlesnake bite on his arm and Pierre had called her brave little nurse. They had ridden for hours for days together under the open sky. Often they had sat here among the rocks before the cliff. He had called it "the edge of the world." Once when she stood very near the perilous brink, he had caught her back suddenly, tenderly, and her head had rested for a moment on his shoulder. Together they had felt the twilight come. She had listened to his talk of his own people, of the cold winters, the snow, the sleighing, and the strange noisy cities. She had listened with her heart beating fast, her eyes upon his face and her ears filled with the music of his voice. They had seen the stars come into the deep dark sky and had watched the blue and purple shadows that cling along the "edge of the world" after sunset. Once a mountain lion had crept upon them and Pierre had shot the creature with her gun. He was careless about weapons himself, and often went unarmed even after nightfall.

Then he had gone away. His letter came explaining his hasty leaving. He would come back soon. How she wept over the letter and the absolute loneliness that came with his absence. But he would come back, and she waited. She had borne her father's drunken scolding and Petro's hateful presence, and she had been happy through it all. Now the thought of her happiness was more bitter than the memory of her misery. He had come back and it meant nothing to him. He had come back and then cast her aside, as she would gather a yellow poppy in the mountains and throw it away, thirsty and helpless, on the hot sand. The girl's breast heaved, her eyes glowed, little points of light scintillating in their still depths. She knitted her low dark brows and pulled the small silver-handled knife from her belt.

"He shall not go back," she said softly. Her fingers stole along the sharp blade, testing its keen edge, and her lips parted in a cunning smile. It was the kind of smile that flashed across old Diego's heavy lips when he was not drunk enough to be stupid and not sober enough to be lazy. Cuma had hated her father for that smile. Once he had stabbed a half breed cow puncher because the man refused to trade ponies with him and Cuma watched the writhing reel from his saddle cursing. She had forgotten the ugly horror of it now and remembered only the quick, soft thrust of the knife.

"He shall not go," she repeated. She sprang to her feet with a swift easy grace. She was strong and supple and closely knit. Her slender, rounded figure was as full of life as an antelope's. It was this abounding vigor that had attracted the man she had grown to love. It had held in

spite of the difference in their breeding. Sometimes its grip was stronger than the call of generations of civilization and environment. She was so simple and so wholly a woman. And her mind was ready and eager to follow his. Sometimes he had wondered if she might not learn his way of life, but that was only when he had grown delirious with the sense of her. When he weighed the matter in sober moments he knew that this was impossible, that it would mean his coming to her level in the end.

Upon his return to the plains he had steeled his heart against her and she had felt the change in her first keen look. The desert wildness had not robbed her of the subtle intuitions of her sex. He did not see the fires of her hate. She hid them under the heavy-lashed eyelids, and she stifled the hot pain in her breast. But the fires of her hate were burning and the pain in her breast was not dead. Twilight was creeping up the long valley and the girl's figure was blured against the dull background.

"She shall not go," she said again and gazed over the edge of the cliff where the tiny gold locket had gone.

Then suddenly she stood erect listening. There was the quick, soft steps of padded feet among the cactus bushes, a rustle, and a low growl that sent a chill through the girl's warm veins. She sprang to her feet, quick-eyed and alert. There was no mistaking the sound. It was a panther. She felt in anticipation the sudden crushing of mouth and claws upon her, and every muscle was nervous for resistance. But the beast seemed to be parrying an assault, and she peered into the cactus jungle at her back. Through the branches of a dwarf "saguaro" she caught sight of a long, tense body crouched close above the ground. She watched it stealthily out of the tail of her eye. It was creeping forward with a sneaking, cat-like movement, but it was not coming directly toward her. The girl's head turned, following the animal's advance, but her body was still like the stiff motionless cactus beside her. Her fingers tightened the grip on the knife and the breath came noiselessly through her parted lips. In a flash her mind took in every detail of the situation, the yawning chasm a few feet in front of her, the ragged mountain at her back, and the crouching beast advancing stealthily over the sand. All the fierceness and cunning of the desert born animal was reflected in the tense suppleness of her pose. Only one thing puzzled her, and that was the direction of the panther's advance. She was losing the yellow form in the deeper bushes at her back. Suddenly there was a scuffling and snapping in the shadows, a man's low curse and the ripping of the panther's claws against coarse clothing. In a moment two bodies rolled struggling on the ground beside the girl. She saw the man's arms tense and knotted against the beast's shaggy breast. She saw his brown hair.

"Pierre! Pierre!" she cried breathlessly. He too, had been lingering at the old resting place.

The claws were buried in the man's shoulders, the grinning mouth was reaching for his throat, but the brown arms with their rigid muscles held the creature back. The man's strength was being tested to the uttermost. His body swayed above the brute's. His hands clutched the straining neck. They came nearer, almost against the girl's feet. She saw the man's arms bloody with cuts and scratches, his face white, his teeth set; she could hear his hoarse breathing. As they turned toward her she plunged the knife into the panther's taut, yellow throat.

The angered beast whirled about suddenly, dropped the man's shoulders and sprang upon his new enemy. The girl crumpled under his weight, the knife fell, her hands clutched blindly at the open jaws. The man jumped to his feet. The panther leaped forward against the girl's body, and the two, struggling together, lurched over the cliff's edge and disappeared. The man flung himself on the ground and calling wildly, leaned far over the inscrutable depths.

But the girl did not answer. Her last glimpse of the world was a confused blur, the jagged cliff's edge and the sky's full crimson whirling madly, and then the blue and purple depths rushing upward as her feet left the earth. And on the sand at the rock's edge the silver handled knife lay dusty and blood stained.

Wanted His Pay.

Some time ago an old Indian in the west broke his ax handle, and a farmer, taking pity on him, fitted the tool with a new one from his own supply. Then, noticing that the axe was dull, Uncle Josh decided to add to his kindness by sharpening it, and asked the Indian to turn the grindstone.

"Well, what is it?" wonderingly asked the farmer, noticing that the Indian persisted in waiting there after the job was done. "Is there anything else you want?"

"Yes, sir," was the prompt rejoinder of the Indian. "You no pay me."

"Not pay you!" exclaimed the farmer with a perplexed expression. "Not pay you for what?"

"For turn the grindstone," calmly replied the chief. "Twenty-five cents."

The Tie That Binds.

Naggsby—Do you know whether the Siamese twins were from the humbler class of their country?"

Waggsby—I had always had the idea that they were pretty well connected."

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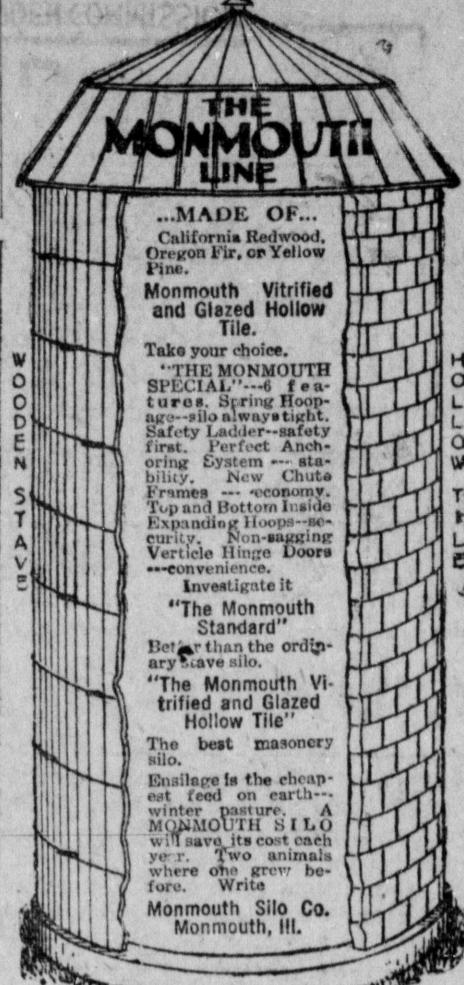
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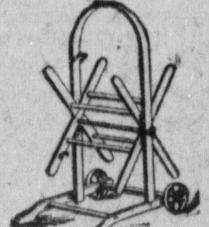
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